

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 A YEAR.

VOL. VII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

NO. 6.

J. L. D. SULLIVAN,

Formerly Newell Harding & Co.

SILVER SMITH

— AND —

SILVER PLATER,

Invites the ladies and gentlemen of Arlington and Lexington to inspect the

ELEGANT STOCK OF

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— AND —

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BOSTON.

The store is stocked with choice and beautiful goods of newest design and best quality.

Silver Wedding and Bridal Gifts in great variety.

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Repairing a specialty.

Harding's Silver Plate Powder has an unbroken record of 35 years. For sale wholesale and retail. Samples free.

The decline in cost of material and labor has reduced the price of all goods in our line, lower than in the old days of specie payment, and the present is therefore the most favorable time to buy.

TERMS, CASH.

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Arlington, June 18, 1877.—4F

“I am so sorry,” was the soft answer. “I'll be more careful again.”

Selected Poetry.

FROM “A LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.”

Through many an hour of summer suns
By many pleasant ways;
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days:
I kiss the lips I once have kissed;
The gas-light wavers dimmer;
And softly, through a vinous midst,
My college friendships glimmer.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gathered up;

The truth that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup;

And others' follies teach us not;

Nor much their wisdom teaches;

And most, of sterling worth, is what

Our own experience preaches.

Ah! let the rusty theme alone!

We know not what we know.

But for my pleasant hour, 'tis gone,

“Tis gone, and let it go.

Tis gone: a thousand such have slept

Away from my embraces,

And fallen into dusty crypt

Of darkened forms and races.

So mix forever with the past,

Like all good things on earth!

For should I prize thee, couldst thou last,

At half thy real worth?

I hold it good, good things should pass:

With time I will not quarrel:

It is but yonder empty glass

That makes me maudlin-moral.

TENNYSON.

Selected Story.

THE CRAMM WELL.

It is doubtful if Mr. Ben Bates would defend strikes, or if he were interested in the pros and cons of such questions; but, all the same, he blessed his stars that a strike occurred on the Grand Right and Left Railway on a certain day; that the employees felt imperative need of an increase of wages; that the managers didn't see it; and so, whether or no the end justified the means, it is none the less conspired to promote his happiness. It was the afternoon train out of Hamburg, advertised to reach Nova Zembla at 6.45. Mr. Bates, being somewhat of a stranger in the State, drawn to Nova Zembla by rumors of oil wells and fortunes bubbling out of the earth, was naturally ignorant that the strikers had publicly given warning that they should leave their trains at four o'clock, P. M., until he overheard a gentleman, leaving at a way-station, say to a friend,

“You had better not attempt to go home to-night, but put up with us; the engineers strike at four, P. M., you know.”

“Strike!” echoed the typical old lady with the traditional bandboxes and bundles to look after. “I'd like to know who they're going to strike. Two can play at that game, I reckon. What are they going to strike for?”

“For higher wages marm. If you calculated to go beyond Little Bassett, you'll have walk the balance,” volunteered a passenger.

“Me walk! Haven't I paid my fare though? Walk, indeed! I'll have the law of 'em first.”

“But this train won't go through to-night.”

“None of your quizzing, young saucebox! Haven't I been over this 'ere road every year since my hair took to falling off, to buy a new wig, dating from the time Ebenezer put the Gabrielle front to the old house? And I've never known them not to git to Nova Zembla when they'd oughter.”

But just then the train stopped, and so did the old lady. It was four o'clock exactly.

“I suppose there's an inn at hand?”

asked Mr. Bates of a native by-stander, whom he found loafing upon the platform.

“Devil a bit! Little Bassett's run to oil, stranger.”

“We're not expected to put up in an oil well?”

You might fare worse. There's Traveller's Haven, but the landlord he had it carted off for to bore for oil in the old cellar; it's on wheels yet, a piece up the lane there. Maybe they'd take you in; I dunno.”

Mr. Bates strolled up the pretty lane and into the Traveller's Haven—which had, perhaps, caught the spirit of gadding from its guests—and interrupted a slovenly woman in the act of scolding.

“Didu't I tell you, miss, I'd cuff the ears off your head if you cracked another dish? Eh? How are you going to pay for it? Who do you suppose'd put up with your goings on if I was to turn you adrift? Nobody in Little Bassett'd give you house-room for a week.”

“I am so sorry,” was the soft answer. “I'll be more careful again.”

“And high time, too—you that I snatched out of the almshouse, so to speak, and did for ever since you was four. What would you have been but for me? And a pretty return you make, a-breaking all the crockery helter-skelter! O-h! Good-day, Sir. Lodgings?” with a decided change of tone. “Rosy dear, sit yourself, and get the gentleman a room ready; and you might wring the neck of the couple-crown hen while you're about it. I dare say he's hungry.”

“Yes,” said Rosy, lifting a pair of appealing eyes to the stranger's.

“No, no,” cried Ben, heroically, “don't kill any thing for me. Tea and toast is a supper for a king.” It pained him to add another straw to the burdens this dejected girl was already carrying—this girl in the garments and position of a menial, yet who bore herself like one of gentle blood.

“You see,” apologized Mr. Cramm, the landlord, when he came in, “we ain't had time to settle, owing to the lie well. Tavern-keeping don't pay in Little Bassett, but he does. Maybe you was thinking of buying, eh?”

Ben was thinking of it, he explained, but Little Bassett had not been his destination.

“Maybe you was guided by Providence.”

“Perhaps so,” said Ben.

“Pity you hadn't been round a month ago, afore Deacon Davis parted with his place. He got down-hearted, and sold out for a good figger; but it turned out the article handsomely afterwards, and the deacon's so mad he could jump into a bramble-bush. But sometimes, you see, it's all a poor fellow can do, to sell out—when he ain't got capital to work it. ‘The destruction of the poor is their poverty,’ so the Scripture tells us.”

“Yes?” said Ben, his eyes following Rosy on her way from the milking shed with two foaming pails.

Ben could have hardly told why he staid on in Little Bassett from day to day; whether the neighborhood of such oil as must have been burned in Aladdin's wonderful lamp or the subtle persuasions of Landlord Cramm kept him spell-bound in the rustic village, with its pretty river trickling to the sea, and its background of spicy woods, where the tinkling of cow-bells seemed like music blown fairy-land. At least he did not put the question to himself. He had been making a tour of the different oil wells one afternoon, and coming home through the Bassett woods, he fell in with Rosy.

“After flowers?” asked Ben. “Isn't it growing dark? Hadu't you better turn back with me?”

“I must find Jetty first,” replied Rosy.

“And who may Jetty be?”

“Jetty is the cow; she strays away and gets lost in the woods. Last year I couldn't find her till after nine one night.”

“And you were here alone at that hour?”

“It was bright moonlight.”

“And supposing there had been no moon?”

“I must have staid till I found her, moon or no moon. Hark! did I hear her bell?”

“Perhaps we may find her sooner together. May I go with you?”

“Yes, I suppose you may.” They strolled on, the young moon casting weird shadows and peopling the woods with fantastic shapes; and sometimes they forgot why they were there, and sometimes a frightened bird brushed the dew from the tangle, or the faint melody of a bell stirred the silence and quickened their steps. It was after eight when they drove Jetty home, and Ben had been surprised more than once by the speech that fell from Rosy's pretty lips. She knew the old poets, whom young ladies of the period disdain to cultivate. She was at home with Scott, and familiar with the tenets of the elder theologians.

“You told me that you had never been to school,” said Ben, “but some body has taught you. There is no royal road to knowledge.”

“Yes; Parson Psalter's wife taught me to read and write, and she gave me presents for learning verses by heart. She used to borrow me of Mrs. Cramm to read to her when her dear old eyes failed. Yes, and when she died she left me all her books.”

“You are more than ever interested in the subject of oil as the days went by, and remember them as set you on the road to fortune, Mr. Bates. Jim and I think of trying California for my ashby.”

Mistress Cramm, on the following day, “and remember them as set you on the road to fortune, Mr. Bates. Jim and I think of trying California for my ashby.”

“I hope you'll get rich as mud,” said

that this was the tide which leads on to fortune. So he staid on and on, learning the minutiae of this method of coining money, helping Rosy carry her braining pails to the dairy, or bring the butter—for Mrs. Cramm was not one to allow milk to sour on her hands, whatever the prospect which the oil

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By many pleasant ways;
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days:
I kiss the lips I once have kissed;
The gas-light wavers dimmer;
And softly, through a vinous midst,
My college friendships glimmer.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gathered up;
The truth that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup;
And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

Ah! let the rusty theme alone!
We know not what we know.
But for my pleasant hours, 'tis gone,
'Tis gone and let it go.

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"I am so sorry," was the soft answer. "I'll be more careful again."

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"Yes," said Rosy, lifting a pair of appealing eyes to the stranger's.

"I'll tell you what I'll do by ye," said that disinterested soul. "I've took a mighty liking to you, and so has Miss Cramm; there's my well. I'm a thumping poor man, Mr. Bates, and I'm working it at a disadvantage, I'm awfully in debt, to tell the truth. I'm mortgaged up to my chin, and I don't hev no peace for fear of a keeper in the house, and a being brought to disgrace before my neighbors—and these women-folks to look after. Now, mark my word, somebody's got to make a fortune out of that 'ere well, and I'd rather it'd be you, Mr. Bates, than any body, as it won't be Jim Cramm; if you've got the means, you couldn't do better than to take this 'ere elephant off my hands."

"Fifteen years ago; a gentleman and child named Rosy," mused Ben.

"Fifteen year ago this blessed month. Jim he pawned the gentleman's watch to buy Rosy clothes; but there was an odd sort of seal on the chain. Maybe you'd like to see it?"

"I should like to borrow it for a while," said Ben, after examining it closely.

"You may have it for a trifle, if you've took a fancy to it. We've spent enough on Rosy to buy a dozen such."

"I'll give you your price," said Ben; and just then Jim Cramm was brought in with a broken leg—and they didn't go to California for Mrs. Jim's asthma.

It is a year since these events occurred. Retribution has overtaken Mr. and Mrs. Cramm.

"I want to tell you a story," Ben said to Rosy the other day. "I once had a distant cousin who disappeared mysteriously with his little daughter, after having started upon his journey. He was advertised by his distant relatives, and sought for in vain. The child was four years old at the time. Her name was Rosy. She had blue eyes and auburn hair like yours. By the supposed death of these two I came into possession of a certain sum of money, which, having accumulated during my minority, enabled me to buy the Cramm Well, as you know. Contrary to your expectations, yours and mine, Rosy, the well has netted its owner a fortune, since it was not a false strike, as Mr. Cramm supposed. But I find I am not the owner."

"You not the owner?" cried Rosy. "Then who is?"

"You, Rosy; you are the owner of the Cramm Well."

"You have heard the story of your introduction at the Traveller's Haven, and your father's tragic end? The seal upon his chain was of a curious workmanship. Mrs. Cramm had preserved it; and when she allowed me to take it, I carried it to my father, and the missing link was supplied. It proved the fac-simile of one he had given my cousin, even to the monogram J. B.—John Bates. Is it not plain that your father and my cousin are one, and that the Cramm Well belongs to you, his daughter, Rosy?"

"I suppose it must be true, if you think so," said Rosy. "But you must let me divide with you; you must keep the well."

"On one condition, Rosy. That you give yourself with it."

And Rosy did not quarrel with the condition.

THE BIBLE IN RUSSIA.—Early in the present century the Scriptures were translated into modern Russ.

Arlington Advocate

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
C. S. PARKER,
OFFICE,
SWAN'S BLOCK, ARLINGTON AVE.

ARLINGTON, FEB. 2, 1878.

ADVERTISING RATES:—Reading notices, 25 cts a line; Special notices, 15 cts a line; Religious notices, 10 cts a line; Obituary notices, 10 cts a line. Ordinary advertisements, 8 cts a line. Subscription, \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 4 cents.

TRAMP NUISANCE.

We do not propose to discuss or even mention any of the various causes which have contributed to the growth of the tramp fraternity from the occasional jolly good-for-naught we knew in our younger days to the organized band of outlaws who now travel from place to place,—whose proper place is in the State prison, but desire to call attention of our readers to a few rules for their guidance suggested by the present state of affairs. Under no circumstances allow them to enter your houses; if they ask for food, refer them to the chief of police; as soon as possible after one has called at the house, give the police a description of the man. It may be that in adopting this advice, some worthy person may suffer, but as the matter now stands the chances of its being so are not more than one in a hundred, and in view of the recent outrages there appears to be no other course to pursue. Recently one of this worthless class made his boast to a hardworking man in town that he had not done a stroke of work for a year, and had probably fared better every day, dining as he did at some well spread table, and his appearance, and the complacent manner he smoked his pipe bore him out in his statement.

We are glad to think this nuisance is likely to receive a check, as the legislative committee having the matter in charge, will probably report a bill stringent enough to drive them from the State, but until this is accomplished there is only one safe course to be pursued, as indicated above, for the evidence taken shows the tramp of to-day is not a pauper, but that they are an organized band of robbers, and as such should be treated. One official advanced the opinion that the tramps had an organization among themselves, by which they may be regarded as co-operative in the pursuit of their profession.

To prove this fact, he noticed during the season each party would make differently colored chalk or crayon marks on fences, usually in the form of an arrow, at the junction of highways, which served to indicate to the next squad the course they should pursue, the character of the country for their purpose, etc.

In this connection the statistics in regard to the number of tramps entertained by the town of Arlington during the year of 1877, may be interesting:—

January,	146
February,	204
March,	268
April,	171
May,	110
June,	43
July,	31
August,	32
September,	46
October,	109
November,	105
December,	147
Total,	1412

This is an increase of 608 over the previous year and clearly illustrates the growth of the nuisance.

Real estate that is forced upon the market sells at low prices, and occasionally a capitalist who wishes to purchase for investment can find a good bargain. If, however, a man goes into the market seeking to purchase desirable real estate, he will find it difficult to get hold of it except at prices pretty nearly up to the market value of three or four years ago. Most of the parties holding such property are getting from it in rent as much as their incomes would be if their money was invested elsewhere, and they are not willing to part with it at anything like the present market value.

REQUIEM MASS.—A solemn Mass of Requiem was performed in St. Malachy's church, on Wednesday last, for the repose of the soul of the late Father Doherty, of Cambridge. About twenty of the neighboring clergymen took part in the ceremonies. The celebrant of the Mass, was Rev. Mr. McGrath, of Somerville. He was assisted by Rev. Messrs. Gibbons, Boylan and O'Doherty. The Catholics of Arlington manifested, by their presence in large numbers, that their former pastor is still held in grateful remembrance by them.

CALICO BALL.—Tickets for a "Grand Calico Ball," under the management of a committee of Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter, have been issued. The ball will be held in Town Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 20, and it will probably be the party of the season, as no pains will be spared to make it so, and the managers have all had large experience. Arrangements will be made for the accommodation of spectators, and tickets issued to any who desire to witness the ball. Either dancing or spectator tickets can be obtained of the committee.

SEVERE SNOW STORM.

The closing hours of the first month of the new year, and the opening of the last month of winter brought with them a snow storm exceeding in severity anything which has occurred for a long time. Friday morning found the ground piled with drifts of snow to an extent which rendered travel very difficult, and in some places the roads were practically impassable.

As is usually the case with storms of this kind, passengers by the railroad were sadly inconvenienced in many instances, but on the Middlesex Central road only slight delays were encountered. The first and second trains from Concord were combined, and with the aid of both engines reached Arlington at the usual time of the second train, (7.30). Here there was trouble, as is most always the case, and nearly fifteen minutes were consumed in clearing the track so the train could be again started. The next train came through on time, but no other train left Concord until evening, it being almost impossible to keep the road open. There was only one train out from Boston over this road in the forenoon of Friday, and this left Boston about nine o'clock, bringing the mail, papers, etc., and the next to arrive was the 2.45, P. M., train, which came in nearly on time.

As near as can be estimated, about a foot of snow fell, but it is very light, and will probably soon disappear, although not soon enough to save our friend who has laid a wager that there will not be a week of sleighing during this winter, as we have already had five days, and this ought to be good for two more.

Horse car travel above Harvard Sq. was entirely suspended for a considerable time, the tracks being literally piled with snow, and it was not until 9.30 o'clock that the snow plow, drawn by six horses, made its appearance in Arlington and cleared the tracks, but this done little good and the road was practically blockaded all day.

About nine o'clock a team of six horses attached to a sled was driven through the Avenue, breaking out a wide path and greatly aiding travel, but the grocery and provision dealers did not bring out their teams, there was no session of the public schools, and Friday was day rare quiet. Most of the milkmen managed to get around with double teams, but were some hours behind time.

The storm will prove a blessing to many, as it will furnish employment, for a short time, to thousands who will be very glad of even this small addition to their income.

THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

A short time since this charming little comedy, in three acts, was brought out at one of the Universalist church societies, by members of the society, and the parts were so well sustained, and the whole affair so completely enjoyable that the committee having charge of the Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter societies conceived the idea of having the play reproduced at their hall. The consent of the parties was obtained, and last Wednesday evening the largest audience yet gathered this season had the pleasure of witnessing the performance. The play is modelled after the now fashionable society plays, with no extravagant characters, (with the exception of "Spofford," something after the Dunleary style, and "Newcomb," of the Col. Sellers type), and the story is very simple, and true to every day life.

The following is the *dramatis persona* of the play:—

Abner Howland, a merchant, Orin West.

Oscar Loring, his ward, Edward H. Cutter.

Tom Howland, his nephew, Wallace Peirce.

Policy Newcomb, an insurance agent, G. W. Storer.

Spicer Spofford, clerk in an insurance office, Arthur W. Peirce.

Mrs. Gordon Howland, a widow, Mrs. G. W. Storer.

Alice Howland, her daughter, Miss Nellie M. Frost.

Lina Howland, Abner's adopted daughter, Miss Marion E. Green.

The play opens with Abner and Mrs. Howland in conference, arranging a plan for the marriage of Oscar Loring and Lina Howland, the first object being the exclusion of the dandy Spofford from the house. Tom and Lina Howland are pledged lovers, but by constant bickering hide their real feelings. Newcomb and Spofford are planning for the hands of Mrs. Howland and her daughter, hoping thus to secure the money which is unknown to the widow and her daughter. Oscar Loring, having returned from his European tour, and visiting the scene of the play, goes fishing in the lake, is upset, and rescued from drowning by Miss Alice, and these two proceed to fall desperately in love. Spofford plans an elopement with Miss Lina, which is frustrated by Miss Alice, who seizes the opportunity to visit her old home and search for the insurance policy, the existence of which she has learned by overhearing the plotting of Spofford and Newcomb. After search is

of course successful, and the opportune production of the policy, saves the tottering fortunes of her uncle, sends the two plotters away in confusion, clears all the clouds, and gives a happy conclusion to the story.

The dress and make-up of the several parties was most excellent, they were all well up in their parts, and it was one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the season.

The stage used on this occasion is a new one, built for the purpose, in sections, so that it can be easily put up, and taken down in an incredibly short time, as was demonstrated on this occasion, and will be of great service should this sort of entertainment be continued, as we hope it will be. The committee deserve well of the members for the energy and tact they have shown thus far.

REMONETISING SILVER.

The action of both branches of Congress within the last few days, although not decisive as to the final result of the attempt to deprecate the currency by remonetising silver, has been such as to excite gravest apprehensions. The Matthews resolution, which expresses the opinion that the principal and interest of the United States bonds may be paid in silver dollars at the option of the Government, was adopted in the Senate on Friday by 48 ayes to 22 nays. On Monday the same resolution was adopted in the House by 186 to 79.

It is stated that the Bland Silver Bill wants but one more vote in the Senate to secure its passage over the veto, should the President decide to veto it.

In common with a large portion of the people of the country we regard these resolutions as one step toward repudiation, and as sure to bring upon the national government a measure of the shame which has long rested upon some of the States for refusing to pay their debts in full. We are not without hope that through the integrity and good sense of Congress and the President, the measure may yet fail to be accomplished.

The House on Monday, by a vote of 174 to 85, passed one resolution, which is strictly in the path of honesty and wise legislation viz.:

Resolved,—That in the judgment of the House, no subsidies in money, bonds, public lands, indorsements or by pledge of public credit should be granted or renewed by Congress to associations or corporations engaged in, or proposing to engage in public or private enterprises, but that all appropriations ought to be limited to such amount and purposes only as shall be imperatively demanded by the public service.

The report has been circulated, and is generally believed, that Dr. Harris does not attend to calls in the night, but we learn from the Doctor himself that he attends calls night or day, and will continue to do so while he continues to practice.

The condition of affairs in Marlboro' is discreditable to a New England town. It would seem that there are two things that the town authorities should do at once,—close the liquor shops and assume an attitude that will leave no doubt that they are on the side of law and order. There are laws enough to enable them to preserve the peace, secure the safety of good citizens and punish criminal offences, and they cannot afford to neglect the use of the power in their hands.

Bring out your sleighs again.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Reynolds Hall was literally packed, last Sunday evening, at the regular monthly meeting of the Reform Club, and it proved one of the most interesting meetings yet. The quartette choir of the Orthodox church was present, and gave three selections, besides leading in the several temperance songs with which the exercises were interspersed. Rev. J. L. Merrill offered prayer, and then Rev. Mr. Nordell, of Arlington, was introduced, and gave an earnest and instructive address. He was followed by Mr. C. G. Jones, Vice-President of the Osgood Reform Club, of Chelsea. He spoke with deep feeling, and his allusions to the dark past were very touching. Rarely have we heard so affecting an address. Pres. J. B. Rodgers, of the Chelsea Club, was also present, and he followed up the good effects of the speakers who had preceded him in a happy manner.

We think it was clearly demonstrated that the hall is too small for these meetings, especially if they are to be made as interesting as this last.

VITAL STATISTICS.

Through the courtesy of Mr. B. Delmont Lock, Town Clerk, and by the kindness of Mr. John H. Hartwell, who has just completed his annual tour through town, collecting the births, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following vital statistics:

BIRTHS.

Whole number,	103
Males,	52
Females,	51
American parentage,	33
Foreign parentage,	56
Mixed parentage,	14

MARRIAGES.

Whole number couples,	33
Both American born,	17
Both foreign born,	9
Mixed,	7

Age of oldest, 57; age of youngest, 18;

1st marriage of 55; 2d marriage of 10;

4th marriage of 1.

DEATHS.

Whole number of deaths,	87
Males,	37
Females,	50
Under 5 years of age,	42
Between 5 and 10 years of age,	8
" 10 " 30 " "	7
" 30 " 60 " "	11
Over 60 years of age,	19

The principal causes of death are, Disease, 17; Consumption and lung diseases, 15; scarlet fever, 6; heart disease, 5; cancer, 5; cholera infantum, 7; diphtheria and croup, 5.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Last Tuesday evening there was an entertainment in Reynolds Hall, arranged by a joint committee of the W. C. T. Union and the Reform Club, consisting of Mrs. Rugg and Mrs. Trow, and Messrs. W. and G. Crosby. A stage has been erected at one end of the hall, and this, with the new curtains, helped to increase the effect, but without these accessories we think it would have proved the best of any yet given. The exercises opened with readings by Rev. Mr. Allen, of Boston, who occupied about half an hour with his most excellent rendering of "Laughing in Meeting," "One and two," "Baby Bell," "Nobody," and others. Master Clarence Hight then recited "Who says Peep," and won hearty applause. The next introduced was the "Peak Family," a company of twelve ladies and gentlemen (dressed in a costume made of high peaked hats, and wide peaked collars and cuffs), who sang several selections, interspersed with solos on the mouth harmonica, by Geo. Goss. Mrs. W. Crosby's solo, "Three Little Niggers," was a great hit, and she was obliged to respond to the hearty encore. The performance closed with a charming little operetta "The Farmer's Glee," introducing varied occupations of the farm and home, together with a visit to the farm house by a city cousin. The parts were sustained by Mrs. W. Crosby, Miss Jennie Sprague, Miss May Hardy, and Miss Rugg, and Messrs. Trow, Wood, Hardy, Hilliard and Osborn. It abounded in fun, and taught the lesson of cheerfulness in a happy manner.

The hall was full, as will be realized by all when we say that the sales of tickets at the door amounted to \$13.85.

We hear it whispered that another entertainment will be given by the "minstrel" troupe, in about a month.

THE END OF IT.

More than two years ago there was brought into the town of Arlington, from Wakefield, a small steamer, which finally found a harbor in Spy Pond. Since its advent among us it has been the means of furnishing several items for our columns, and considerable word for lawyers, and the question has often been asked what will be the end of it. This question was solved last Wednesday evening, by its being burned up, at the landing at Spy Pond.

The fire was seen early in the evening in the centre of the town, and some person uttered the cry of fire, but once only, so there was no general alarm, and no effort made to extinguish the flames.

There is no question but what the fire was incendiary, but whether by boys, or some of the parties having claims upon it, is unknown.

THE CHURCHES.

Rev. Minot G. Gage, of Gloucester, Mass., will preach at the Unitarian church, Sunday, Feb. 2d.

Services at the Orthodox Congregational church on Sunday, as usual, with sermon in the morning and service in the evening by the pastor.

CHIEF POLICE REPORT.

To the Honorable Board of Selectmen of the Town of Arlington.

GENTLEMEN:—I herewith present to you the annual report of the Police department for the year ending December 31, 1877.

At the annual town meeting in March, the sum of two thousand dollars was appropriated for the Police, and on the 18th day of March, Patrick J. Shean, Garrick Barry and John H. Hartwell were appointed as police officers, John H. Hartwell being appointed chief. Previous to this time there were only two officers, one doing duty only nights. After another officer was appointed, one was given the upper part of the town and the other the lower, while I took the centre part until twelve o'clock, and also attended to all the day work. After twelve at

There is a nut for the psychologists to crack in the recent strange experience of J. Harry Shrake, a young merchant of Philadelphia. He had been very ill for some months, and last Sunday he apparently died, but after a few hours he revived, and, what is still more astonishing, in a short time was almost as well as ever. But the strangest feature of the case was the vision which he saw while he was, to all appearance, a corpse. His sensations, he says, was like that falling down a vast height, and then he found himself in a deep valley. Before him was a black river, with people crossing, and beyond it a dark cloud. As he drew nearer the cloud, shuddering, it opened and revealed a sight of surpassing beauty. He saw a great temple and throne, and the first being he saw was Christ. He also noticed his dead wife and children and his dead grandfather, who died when he was but two years old, beside many other persons he had known. The vision then began to recede, to his intense grief, and he found himself in bed, with his pains gone and his strength returned.

Bedford Locals.

Deacon P. W. Chamberlain died last

Monday evening, quite suddenly, at the

McLean Asylum, at Somerville, of par-

alysis of the brain, aged 74 years. For

nearly fifty years he filled prominent

positions in town and the church with

which he was connected, and though of

late failing health compelled him to be

less prominent he has exerted an influ-

ence for good which will continue to be

felt even though he is gone.

Mr. I. N. Hartwell has purchased the

wheelwright business of Mr. James M.

Clark, who has entered upon his duties

at the State Prison.

The Orthodox society will hold a fair and festival in Town Hall on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13 and 14, and will endeavor to make it unusually attractive and enjoyable in every way. Tableaux, vocal and instrumental music, etc., the first evening, and a concert, with the Jubilee Singers and dramatic readings by Miss Jennie Harold, of Boston, on the second evening. Refreshments served as usual.

W.E.B.

[Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29, 1878.

The President's first public levee was not, in point of numbers, a success, compared with those given by Grant, Johnson and Lincoln, and as Mrs. Hayes is a pattern of simplicity in dress, there was a very noticeable change in the character of the costumes worn by the ladies. Every nation had its representatives there. All the diplomats, however, were in plain black suits and not in the gaudy trumpery of court dress. They wear them now only at the State dinners. The Russian and Turkish ministers are indulging in no hospitality or society amusements this winter, owing to the terrible war which is being waged by their respective countries.

The equestrian statue of General Green, the Quaker soldier, has been placed in position in Stanton Place, and is another added attraction to the works of art that embellish the Capitol.

Mrs. Thompson, a wealthy lady of New York, has purchased F. B. Carpenter's painting of "Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation," and will present it to Congress on Lincoln's birth-day, Feb. 12th. Hon. Alexander H. Stevens will make the speech of acceptance in reply to Mr. Garfield's presentation address.

Among the prominent persons in the city is General George Williams, of Indiana, who six years ago went to Japan to introduce there the American system of Internal Revenue. He has now returned to this country, having been highly honored by the Japanese government.

The proposition to reduce the tax on whiskey and tobacco is meeting with great opposition here, from the distilleries and tobacco manufacturers, as their business is at a perfect standstill, and will be until the matter is settled by Congress. They say they cannot effect sales now because the buyers say "We will wait 'till the tax is reduced, and then purchase cheaper." Congress seems to have an uncomfortable habit of dabbling into a thing just enough to unsettle the interests of every one connected with it, and then either dropping the whole matter, or referring it to some committee, who lay it on the table, and seldom take it up again.

Jay Gould, the keen-eyed Wall street broker, is in the city, looking after the interests of the Union Pacific R. R. He is a good lobbyist, and has a good reputation here in the line of scheming.

The value of a penny is being demonstrated by "Roberts," the gossip writer of the *Sunday Capitol*. A "Penny Lunch Room" has been opened by him and is doing a splendid business. Tickets are sold to the public at a cent each, and these are given to the poor instead of money, and for one of these will be given a plate of soup, a piece of meat, a cup of coffee, bread and butter, or a boiled potato. The same plan has been acted upon by the "Labor Exchange," an institution peculiar to Washington. Hon. John Hetz, Consul General of the Swiss Government is the prime mover. He is the most active man in the city in philanthropic movements, and gives a great share of his time and money in helping the poor. His wife—a lovely woman—works at his side in every charitable enter-

prise. Having fitted up the store in Smith's Block and arranged it for the convenience of customers, I invite the patronage of the citizens of Lexington and vicinity.

The stock of goods offered will be fresh, and include all the new patterns, and being bought for cash and offered at a small margin of profit, will afford the best chance for bargains ever offered in town.

Feb. 2-4w

NEW CASH STORE.

WM. H. SMITH,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS,

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

— AND —

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

SMITH'S BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

Having fitted up the store in Smith's Block and arranged it for the convenience of customers, I invite the patronage of the citizens of Lexington and vicinity.

The stock of goods offered will be fresh, and include all the new patterns, and being bought for cash and offered at a small margin of profit, will afford the best chance for bargains ever offered in town.

Feb. 2-4w

LOW PRICES

AT THE

BOSTON STORE.



Arlington, Mass.,

UNDER SAVINGS BANK, PLEASANT STREET.

In view of the hard times the BOSTON TEA STORE have decided to make a sweeping reduction from former prices with the expectation of increasing their sales proportionately.

Please examine the following prices and compare them with what you are paying elsewhere.

Our celebrated "Rival Brand" of St. Louis Flour, marked down from

\$9.50 to \$9.00.

Choice St. Louis, - - - 8.50.

Good " " - - - 8.00.

GRANULATED SUGAR, - 10 CENTS,

Kerosene Oil, 18 cents per gallon,

PRATT'S ANIMAL OIL, 30 cts. per gallon.

MOLASSES.

Fancy Porto Rico,	80c.
Very Choice Porto Rico,	75c.
Choice Porto Rico,	60c.
Good Porto Rico,	50c.
New Orleans,	80c.
Best Syrup,	75c.

TEAS.

Our 50c. TEA marked down to	40c.
60c. " " "	50c.
75c. " " "	65c.
90c. " " "	80c.

This is 10c. per pound less than the same grades of TEA can be bought anywhere else.

COFFEES,

ROASTED AND GROUND TO ORDER,

Mocha,	40c.
Best Old Government Java,	35c.
Best Rio,	30c.

Canned Tomatoes, 10 cts.—Peaches, 15 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Kennedy's crackers, 9 cts. per lb.	Rye flour, 5 cts. per lb.
Pure cream Tartar, 40 " "	White corn flour, 5 " "
Pure Leaf Lard, 12 " "	Cracked wheat, 6 " "
Best salt Pork, 12 " "	Crushed " 6 " "
Loose Muscatelle Raisins, 13 " "	Pearled " 8 " "
Choice figs, 15 " "	Pearled Barley, 8 " "
New Malta dates, 10 " "	Arlington wheat meal, 5 " "
New Persian, 15 " "	Hand picked pea beans, 10 " "
Hominy, 6 " "	" yellow eyed " 10 " "
Irish oat meal, 8 " "	" marrow " 10 " "
Scotch " 6 " "	" white kidney " 10 " "
Canada " 5 " "	Best Medium, 8 " "
Rye, " 3 " "	Pure Cider Vinegar, 30 cts.

A full line of FLAVORING EXTRACTS, from B. F. Hoard & Co., New York. For purity, strength and flavor they lead all others in the market.

Foreign and Domestic FRUITS and NUTS. Valencia ORANGES, 25c. per dozen; LEMONS, 20c. doz.

We have reduced the prices of SPICES. All Spices warranted strictly pure.

The Best BUTTER, from New York and Vermont dairies and creamaries, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

Preserve this advertisement for future reference. All orders for \$20.00 or over, delivered FREE, anywhere within fifty miles.

BOSTON TEA STORE.

Arlington, January 25, 1878.—lw

REMOVAL.

Fairbanks, Brown & Co.

Have removed to the new and eligible Store,

83 MILK STREET,

CORNER OF CONGRESS STREET,

POST OFFICE SQ., BOSTON.

With additional facilities, they

solicit the continuance of the generous patronage of the public.

FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES,

In every variety, of the best possible quality, and with the latest and most valuable improvements.

83 MILK STREET,

JAN 26 POST OFFICE SQUARE. 4W

ESTABLISHED, 1829.

FESSENDEN, RUSSELL AND COMPANY,

SUCCESSORS TO ADAMS, FESSENDEN & CO.,

NO. 177 COURT STREET,

BOSTON,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

STAPLE

— AND —

FANCY

GROCERIES

Foreign Fruits and Sauces,

CIGARS,

Hermetically Sealed Fruits and Vegetables,

OF ALL KINDS,

Foreign and Domestic Preserves,

JELEIES, &c.

We would especially invite attention to our grades and prices of

FLOURS,

TEAS

— AND —

COFFEES.

We are receiving choice lots of

CREAMERY BUTTER,

Which we consider superior to any yet offered. Our stock of Choice Wines, &c., has been selected with great care, and imported to our special order, expressly for family and medicinal purposes, and can be relied on as being unequalled by any in the market.

Goods delivered free of charge in Arlington, Lexington and vicinity.

C. B. FESSENDEN, F. P. RUSSELL, S. P. PRENTISS.

Arlington, Feb. 2, 1878.

Boston, Lowell and Nashua RAILROAD.

Middlesex Central Branch.

ON and after Nov. 5th, 1877, trains will run as follows:—

LEAVE BOSTON FOR Concord, Mass., at 7.10, 8.25, a. m.; 12.30, 4.30; 5.25, 6.25, 7.45, 10.20, 11.10, p. m. Return at 5.30, 6.30, 7.25, 8.45, a. m.; 12.45, 3.15, 5.50, 9.49, p. m. LEAVE BOSTON FOR Bedford at 7.10, .35, a. m.; 12.30, 4.30, 5.25, 6.25, 7.45, 10.20, 11.10, p. m. Return at 6.00, 7.01, 7.48, 8.55, a. m.; 12.55, 3.25, 5.25, 9.15, p. m. LEAVE BOSTON FOR Lexington at 7.10, 8.25, a. m.; 12.30, 4.30, 5.25, 6.25, 7.45, 10.20, 11.10, p. m. Return at 6.10, 7.12, 8.00, 9.05, a. m.; 1.00, 3.30, 5.30, 9.30, p. m. LEAVE BOSTON FOR Arlington at 7.10, 8.25, a. m.; 12.30, 4.20, 5.25, 6.25, 7.45, 10.20, 11.10, p. m. Return at 6.28, 7.30, 8.18, 9.25, a. m.; 1.27, 3.31, 5.31, 9.42, 10.21, p. m.

*Wednesdays only.

WM. M. PARKER, Superintendent.

L. C. TYLER & CO.

dealers in

Boots & Shoes,

RUBBERS, &c.,

HATS, CAPS,

Selected Poetry.

CASABIANCA IN THE BACK ALLEY.

The boy stood at the alley gate,
And skinned an oyster shell;
He watched it going up and down;
He watched it as it fell;
He saw it drop behind a house,
And then he heard a crash;
He vanished, for he knew the sound
Proclaimed a widow smash.
A hired girl had sailed forth—
She ne'er the alley gate;
The urchin sees her coming in,
And trembles for his fate.
For she, he knows, will seek mama,
And painful tales will tell,
And what the consequence will be—
He also knows too well.
Those painful tales, alas! are told—
The boy, oh! where is he?
His little figure writhes and kicks
Across his mother's knee.
A slipper in material hands
Is lifted to chastise;
Resounding smacks and echoes wake,
The air is filled with cries.

Miscellany.

THE BROOKFIELD HARVEST.

[From the New York Times, Dec. 20.]

Most good boys die young. This is a beautiful provision of Nature. When we read a memoir of a truly good small boy, and think how utterly tedious he must have been, and how much his parents must have suffered from his incapacity to thrill them with the crash of furniture and the sweet music of the tin horn, we can scarcely feel thankful that he is securely buried. The small boy in his normal state is sufficiently exasperating, but what parent is there who would not be crushed to the earth with sorrow were his small boy to suddenly model himself upon the dead small boys of Sunday-school literature, and at the same time refuse to die? How true is it that we do not appreciate our blessing, and at times actually murmur over the lack of true goodness among our boys!

The Rev. Mr. Sawyer, of West Brookfield, Vt., possesses a unique treasure in the person of a small boy whose attentive powers and devotion to his parents have rarely been paralleled. "He is not precisely what you would call a good boy," remarked his father on one occasion, when his son was led home by the ear by an irate minister of the Methodist denomination, and charged with having fastened thirty-two distinct cuts in the minister's study, "but his heart is full of love for whatever is just and right." This eulogy was fully merited, for although Master Sawyer was in no respect like the good small boy of literature, he lately did a wise and noble act, for which the language of ordinary praise is far too feeble.

In northern Vermont that peculiar form of social outrage formerly known as a "surprise party," but of late commonly called a "Bulgarian atrocity," is still lamentably frequent. On a cold evening in the first of the week of the present month, Mr. Sawyer and his family were seated quietly by their social hearth, enjoying one another's society. The clergyman was reading aloud the bishop's pastoral letter; his wife was busy calculating how to cut up her husband's old overcoat so as to supply him with a new waistcoat, herself with a new overskirt and Master Sawyer with a new pair of trowsers, while that excellent small boy was reading the improving adventures of an eminent pirate, and wondering whether he would ever be able to emulate them. Not one of the family was prepared to receive visitors. Mr. Sawyer had on his dressing-gown and slippers; Mrs. Sawyer had let down her back hair to give freedom to her mental process, and Master Sawyer temporarily slipped off his trousers to supply his mother with a pattern, while he wrapped the hearth-rug about him. Suddenly, without the least warning, more than four dozen people of all kinds and sexes, including men, women, reformers and theological students, burst into the room, carrying cake and devastation with them. Master Sawyer fled howling; the clergyman pushed back his spectacles and tried to smile a ghastly smile; and his heroic wife, by hurriedly twisting her back hair with both hands, and holding her comb between her teeth, managed to avoid uttering the welcome which the invaders expected, but which her conscience forbade her to express.

The marauders conducted themselves after the usual custom of their kind. They conversed with one another with great hilarity, ignoring the sufferings of the clergyman and his wife. They spread their cake upon the table, and devouring it without plates, scattered the crumbs over the new carpet. One young man, having laid a large piece of jelly-cake on the sofa, subsequently sat down on it, and Mrs. Sawyer felt that she would gladly join the church of Rome on condition that the mediæval tortures of the inquisition should be revived, and she herself delegated to apply them to that particular young man. After having reduced the furniture to that state of grease that it was no longer safe to sit down, the miscreants gathered around the piano and sang "What shall the harvest be?" until Mr. Sawyer, mild as he was, regretted that he could not take a sharp scythe and reap an immediate and bloody harvest.

While these blood-curling outrages were in progress in the parlor, the good small boy kept himself carefully out of the room. He was not, however, wasting his time in idle rage. He, too, heard the melodious inquiries as to the harvest, and remarked to himself that they would find out all about the harvest if they would only wait a few minutes. Meanwhile, he was busily engaged in carrying pails of water and emptying them on the front step and along the walk leading from the

front door to the gate. The night was cold, and the water froze rapidly. Under his admirable management the ice acquired an unusual smooth and slippery character, and when the work was thoroughly done, the small boy retired to the second-story front window and waited for the surprise party to break up.

The moon was at the full, and shone brightly when the first pair of miscreants—the young man who sat on the jelly-cake and a heavy young lady, to whom he was affianced—issued from the front door, and instantly sat down with tremendous emphasis. Close behind them came the rest of the raiders, who with one accord strewed themselves over the ground, until in some places they were collected three or four deep. The shrieks of the ladies and the stronger remarks of the men filled the air. No sooner would a struggling wretch regain his feet than he would sit down again with renewed violence. The affrighted clergyman and his wife gazed with wonder at the appalling spectacle, and the good small boy never ceased to sing "What Shall the Harvest Be" at the very top of his lungs—interspersing that stirring hymn with a wild "whoop" whenever a particularly brilliant pair of stockings waved in the air.

Although only three persons sustained fatal injuries, there was scarcely a member of the party who escaped with more or less serious wounds, either of body or clothing. Seventeen legs, two ribs, six arms and a nose were broken; five ankles and six wrists were sprained, and one shoulder was dislocated. The icy pavement was strewn with fragments of teeth, spectacles, coats, trousers, and skirts, and Master Sawyer picked up enough copper and silver change the next morning to enable him to buy twelve tickets in a raffle for a broken shotgun, and subscribe handsomely to the missionary fund. It is generally believed that there will never be another surprise party in Brookfield, and it is under contemplation among the middle-aged householders to present Master Sawyer with a service of marbles and life membership in the Foreign Mission Society, as a testimonial of their gratitude and esteem.

The returns for December from the Moffatt Liquor registers now in use in Virginia, show receipts in taxes on drinks at the rate of \$510,000 per annum. This result is considered favorable and likely to greatly aid the State in lifting herself out of the sloughs of financial embarrassment in which she now struggles.

Living fifty-four years in one village, and during that time repairing 18,000 watches, for each of which he received pay, is the history of a jeweler of Sandy Hill, N. C.

Mr. Jones was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," he said; "it would be my luck to live forever if I should."

"Don't you think, husband, that you are apt to believe everything you hear?" "No, madame; not when you talk."

A negro, the only one that has ever applied, was admitted to the bar at Montgomery, Ala., a few days ago.

Send your orders for J O B PRINTING to this office. All work well and promptly done.

D. G. CURRIE,
WATCH MAKER
AND
OPTICIAN,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Optical Goods,
of every description,
TOWN HALL BUILDING, ARLINGTON AVE.

BUILDERS' AND CARPENTERS' HARDWARE AND TOOLS, AND SADDLERY WARE,

for sale, at prices as low as the lowest, by

LYMAN LAWRENCE, Practical Harness Maker,

LEXINGTON, MASS., OFF. TOWN HALL.

NOTICE TO THE Purchasing Public.

The subscriber, recognizing the changes in the method of doing business which have taken place within the past few years, whereby CASH and short credit have been substituted for trust and long accounts, and being desirous of keeping up with the times, and feeling convinced it is for the interest of both purchaser and dealer to adopt the new method, will,

On and after Jan. 1, 1878, conduct his business on the following terms—

—All accounts, after Jan. 1, 1878, must be SETTLED EVERY MONTH.

—All who pay CASH DOWN as they purchase goods will be allowed a DISCOUNT, based on the amount of purchase and quality of goods bought.

—Grain, of all kinds, will be sold at the Lowest Market Prices, for CASH ON DELIVERY.

All goods will be of the best quality the market affords, and will be sold at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES, and satisfaction will be given in all cases.

In accordance with the above terms he respectfully invites the patronage of all.

LEONARD A. SAVILLE.

Lexington, Dec. 29, 1877.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

The Best Flour,

The Best Teas,

The Best Coffees,

The Best Spices,

The Best Molasses,

and the

BEST GROCERIES GENERALLY

are to be had of

C. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

—New Raisins a Specialty.

A FULL LINE OF CROCKERY, AT A LOW PRICE

F. H. KNEELAND,

Blacksmith and Carriage Builder,

Near Centre Depot, Lexington, Mass.

Particular attention paid to Over-reaching, Interfering, or Tender-footed Horses. All work in the best manner, at lowest living prices for good work.

Lexington, June 16, 1877.—Tf

EVERETT S. LOCKE,

Agent for the

CELEBRATED

MAGEE

Stoves

and

RANGES,

embracing the

Vendome,

Champion

and

STANDARD

Parlor Stoves

GLOBE,

COOKING STOVE

and

STANDARD

RANGES,

furnished at

less than Bos-

ton prices,

and warrant-

ed.

Stove Linings & Stove Repairing a specialty.

Personal attention will be given to every de-

scription of Tin and Sheet Iron Work. Repairing in all its branches, in the best manner.

Lexington, Oct. 14, 1876.—Tf

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